

# Funker Vogt, Harvester Of Sorrow

My life suffocates  
Planting the seeds of hate  
I've loved, turned to hate  
Trapped far beyond my fate

I give  
You take  
This life that I forsake  
Been cheated of my youth  
You turned this lie to truth

Anger  
Misery  
You'll suffer unto me  
Harvester of sorrow  
Language of the mad  
Harvester of sorrow

Pure black looking clear  
My work is done soon here  
Try getting back to me  
Get back what used to be

Drink up  
Shoot in  
Let the beatings begin  
Distributor of pain  
Your loss becomes my gain

Anger  
Misery  
You'll suffer unto me  
Harvester of sorrow  
Language of the mad  
Harvester of sorrow

All have said their prayers  
Invade their nightmares  
To see into my eyes  
You'll find where murder lies  
Infanticide

Harvester of sorrow  
Language of the mad  
Harvester of sorrow  
Language of the mad  
Harvester of sorrow